

TROLLEY SHOCK HARMLESS.

Well-Posted Men Insist That Little Harm Can Result from Them.

Scientists who are hired for that very purpose have certified again and again, with wearisome iteration, as to the complete harmlessness, and in some instances to the healthful quality of those electric shocks which startled individuals so frequently receive through the trolley wire agency. Some of the certificates of the trolley attorneys must be held responsible for a rather common impression that the capitalists who have equipped trolley roads are really public benefactors, and that not the least of their beneficence is that which provides the wayfaring man or the wandering horse or cow with delightful surprises in the shape of gratuitous electrical treatment. Once in a while, however, an unfortunate human being, who, up to the time of the wire contact, is supposed to be in admirable health, persists in dying from the shock. This was no day before yesterday when Miss Katie Valentine, of Norwalk, Conn., a robust 16-year-old girl, touched a telephone wire which had crossed a trolley wire. The telephone wire was lying in the grass and was practically invisible to the casual pedestrian. The remains of Miss Valentine will be buried to-morrow. About Monday or Tuesday we expect the appearance of lengthy papers on electricity, in which men of great learning will prove by every theory known to humanity how utterly impossible it is for the trolley current to seriously damage the physical organism of any man, woman or child who is not already at death's door.

WHY THE MAJOR RAN.

His New Man at the Dynamite Dryer Was Greatly Puzzled.

Major McLaughlin of San Francisco put a new man at work at his mine the other day drying out dynamite. "Now," said he, by way of explanation, "you've got to keep your eye on the thermometer in the heater. It it gets above 85 degrees you're liable to hear a noise around here. When it reaches 82 degrees you've got just three minutes in which to work, for it takes three minutes for it to raise to 85 degrees." An hour later the major returned to see how the man at the heater was doing. "Well, how is it getting along?" he inquired. "Oh, first rate." "Do you watch that thermometer?" "You bet your life I do, and I'm keeping her down." He reached into the heater and pulled out the thermometer. "Whew! She's up to 84," he remarked. "There, that'll fix it." He jammed the thermometer into a bucket of water and hung it back on the heater. Then he wondered what McLaughlin was running for.

People No Longer Patronize Horse Cars.

A clinching testimony to the fact that the day of the horse for street-car traction is past is afforded by the report on street-car work in St. Louis, Mo., for the second quarter of the year. The companies show a total of 2,826,682 passengers carried in the three months, as compared with 24,773,660 in the corresponding period of last year. This is an increase of over 8 per cent. One company gained over 1,000,000 passengers, and another nearly the same number. More or less increase was seen on all of the lines of the city except one—the Jefferson avenue—which lost 57,000 passengers. This is a horse-car line—the only one in the city. It is, however, to be converted into a first-class electric road, and a doubling of its patronage is looked for as soon as the change is made.—Ex.

Has Saved More Than Thirty Lives.

Few people have heard of Robert D. Russell, the "Hell Gate life saver," and yet this brave and modest man has saved more than thirty persons from drowning and, as he is still in the prime of his manhood, may save as many more. Mr. Russell was born in 1855, and though an American he is of the Irish-American type. He is tall and handsome, dark and bright-eyed. He is an athlete possessed of great strength, but he rather shuns a row and, from the habit he has acquired of running away from a quarrel, with a small man, would be called a coward by those who did not know him. This, however, would be quite a mistake as, when forced to, he has been known to successfully handle two men of his own caliber.

Start with the Left Foot.

A railway station inspector, in giving evidence recently at the inquest on a poor lady who had got herself between the train and the platform, observed that the majority of women alighted from the carriages with the right foot first, the result being that if the train should start suddenly they were sure to lose their balance and their footing. I have noticed since I read that, and have perceived that the statement is often verified. It seems but a trifle, but fancy that on such a small, unconsidered point, life may hang! So notice with which foot you start to get out of the carriage. — London Illustrated News.

Big Fruit Farm in Georgia.

On the Rumph orchards, between Marshallville and Fort Valley are 1,000,000 peach trees and 20,000 pear trees. These orchards, during the good fruit seasons, have been marvelously profitable. One peach crop sold for \$52,000 and another for \$64,000. Mr. Rumph has also the largest plum orchard in the world. There are 15,000 Japanese plum trees on the place, and in the nursery near by 200,000 seedlings, worth \$15,500. There are also 20,000 raspberry bushes in cultivation.

SAFETY IN THUNDERSTORMS.

Lightning Will Not Strike You If You Wear Your Goggles.

The one thing which a woman most dreads—barring, of course, a mouse and being out of style—is a thunder shower. Many most estimable women of character and force, who can lead great crusades and revolutionize society, go all to pieces at a clap of thunder, and a good many men, too, for that matter. It is not agreeable to be struck by lightning. Nor is it at all necessary. There is a sure preventative—as sure as it is simple, inexpensive, and always accessible—a pair of rubbers. If a woman will simply put on a pair of rubbers when the lightning begins to flash and the thunder to roar, and will stand on the floor, so that she touches nothing else, she will be as safe as if she were sealed in a glass cage. Rubber is a nonconductor of electricity, and if the lightning has to go through a sheet of rubber to get to you it will leave you alone and take something else. In other words, when you have on a pair of rubbers, and not in contact with anything, you are perfectly insulated. This is not a theory merely; it is a fact proven by innumerable experiences. A pair of rubbers has saved many a life in a thunderstorm. Only a little while ago Horace W. Folger of Cambridgeport, Mass., was on a pilot boat in Boston harbor, when a thunder shower came up. He was on deck, wearing rubber boots, but steadying himself with one hand by a wire cable from the main topmast. Lightning struck the topmast, shivering it into splinters. Down the cable went the current. Folger was knocked unconscious. When he recovered he was full of aches and pains, but he pulled through. If it had not been for the rubber boots the current would have passed entirely through him. As it was, the current could not get through his boots, so it passed down the cable. It might be well to add that a pair of rubbers, to be effective against lightning, must be sound and whole. Do not put on an old pair, with a crack in the toe, because electricity will get out of a very small hole when it is cornered, and a pair of defective rubbers will do you no good.

Effects of Alcohol.

A distinguished specialist, says the American Practitioner, has carefully noted the difference between twelve families of drinkers and twelve families of temperate persons during twelve years, with the result that he found that the twelve drinking families produced in those years fifty-seven children, while the temperate ones were accountable for sixty-one. Of the drinkers, twenty-five children died in the first week of life, as against six on the other side. The latter deaths were from weakness, while the former were attributable to weakness, convulsive attacks, or oedema of the brain and membranes. To this cheerful record is added five who were idiots; five were so stunted in growth as really to be dwarfs; five, when older, became epileptics; one, a boy, had grave chorea, ending in idiocy; five more were diseased and deformed, and two of the epileptics became, by inheritance, drinkers. Ten only of the fifty-seven showed during life normal disposition and development of mind and body. Fifty of the children of temperate families were normal in every way.

A Pacific Log Raft.

The latest big log raft experiment on the Pacific coast has proved a great success, the first entire success in the history of such attempts. The raft was built on the Columbia river, and contained between six and seven million feet of lumber. It was made of piles so closely bound together that not a timber in the whole great bulk was movable. The raft was started from Oregon late in July, in tow of the steamer Mineola, and arrived in San Francisco Aug. 2, after as smooth a trip as though it had floated down a placid river instead of over a considerable stretch of the Pacific ocean. It would have taken several score of ships to transport the lumber, and the owners of the raft have cleared something over \$22,000 by the success of the experiment. Several similar rafts have been started on a similar trip, but while one or two have been a modified success, several of the largest have gone to pieces in stormy weather and been a total loss.

An American Pleasure Condemned.

The London Saturday Review is unkind in its comments on the great attraction of the Midway. Speaking of the unfortunate accident to the Ferris wheel at the Indian exhibition in London the other night, by which a large number of persons were suspended like Mahomet's coffin in midair for several hours, it observes: "We do not pity them overmuch. Those who can find pleasure in slowly revolving in air would look upon a kaleidoscope as a form of art. The soullessness of these American amusements is appalling. The switchback railway and the great wheel testify to a depth of vulgar stupidity that would have astonished the builders of the tower of Babel."

An Ohio River Stone 300,000 Years Old.

A prominent geologist, who has been looking into the formation of the bed of the Ohio river, forty-three miles below Pittsburg, says the old river bed is 300 feet above the present water level, and he finds three stones of Canadian granite, whose nearest home now is on the Canadian side of Lake Ontario. In the glacial gravel he came across a rough arrow head, which he attributes to the glacial period, perhaps 300,000 years ago. The testimony of the rocks is in the nature of sensational news, in spite of its great antiquity.

REUNION OF HEIGHT.

Thirty-Seven Feet and Four Inches of Sons Visit Their Parents.

There was a family reunion at Tionesta, Pa., recently, that calls for more than mere mention. It was a gathering together of father, mother, and six sons, all of the latter over 21 years of age. This family group had not all been together since the boys, some of them years ago, went out into the world to fight their battles for themselves. Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Coleman are the father and mother, both hale and hearty, and the sons' names are J. F., Henry, William, J. E., S. W., and Frank. The main object of this item is not so much to mention the fact of the happy reunion as to try and picture to the reader the size of the six long-separated sons, or rather their respective and collective heights. Here are the exact figures: J. F. is 6 feet 5 inches; Henry, 6 feet 2 inches; William, 6 feet 3 inches; J. E., 6 feet 5 inches; S. W., 6 feet 3 inches, and Frank, the shortest one of the stalwart family, an exact 6 feet. These measurements were all taken in stocking feet. The total height of the whole sextet is 37 feet 4 inches. The father and mother are only about the average height of ordinary mortals. The boys are all well-to-do in the towns and cities where they are located.

A FIGHT WITH A SHARK.

Desperate from Hunger, It Seemed Careless of Danger.

The crew of the tug Pennwood, which arrived at Baltimore yesterday, report that they were pursued by a man-eating shark a few days ago twenty miles south of Cape Henry. The shark, which was about eight feet long, had followed the tug for some hours, when a hook baited with meat was thrown to it. No temptation could get it to take the hook. Then the man-eater began to grow bold and approached within a few feet of the side of the tug, until it finally grew audacious enough to slide along the steel side of the vessel. Chief Engineer Goldsborough, who had seen some shark fighting in the Caribbean sea, undertook to spear the fish. He used a sharp boat hook, with which he pierced its head. Several times the shark caught the hook, but could not wrench it from Mr. Goldsborough's grasp. After the shark had been considerably maimed it withdrew, leaving a trail of blood in the water. Mr. Goldsborough says he never saw a shark so desperate in its endeavors to make a meal on human flesh.—Baltimore Sun.

About Onions.

Onions are wholesome as well as savory, and fashion no longer prescribes them. Stuffed onions, on the contrary, are appearing as entrees at informal dinners. Slice the ends from medium-sized Spanish onions, and peel carefully. Take out the center with a vegetable scoop or spoon. Cover with hot salted water, and simmer for ten minutes. Be very careful not to boil, as the onion must keep its shape. Remove from the saucepan and turn upside down on a cloth to drain. Fill with the forcemeat; cover the bottom of a pan with small pieces of butter, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley and one stalk of celery chopped fine. Lay the onions on top, and pour over them one cup of hot white stock. Bake forty minutes, basting frequently. When done serve on a hot dish, strain the gravy over them and serve. Another palatable way of cooking large Spanish onions is to cut a small slice from the top and bottom of each onion and peel. Cover with fresh boiling water, and simmer twenty minutes; drain; again cover with boiling water, add one teaspoonful of salt, and simmer until the onions are sufficiently tender to be pierced with a straw—this will take from two to three hours for these large onions. Drain, and serve with melted butter, cream, Bechamel or Hollandaise sauce.—Cincinnati Weekly Gazette.

Woman's Ways on the Wheel.

It is noticed that in cycling the elegant woman does not coast; neither does she race. Rapidity of movement she considers neither conducive to grace nor as evincing good style. On the contrary, she sits erect, with elbows well in, gliding along slowly, and with so little body motion that loss of dignity is not thought of in her connection. She does not wear her skirts so short as to attract attention when she dismounts. In fact, in everything connected with the wheel her movements are so quiet and unobtrusive as to excite the admiration of the onlooker instead of the derision so frequently accorded. "Repose is always elegance," and rapidity on the wheel is quite the reverse.—Forum.

Thinks He Jumped from the Moon.

An unknown man who was captured in a corn field in the outskirts of Indianapolis, where he said he was trying to jump into heaven, made two attempts at suicide in the county jail. He first used the small chain on the cell closet, which he broke under his weight. Shortly afterward he tore his bed clothing into shreds and plaited a rope. This was taken away from him. He was declared insane. He thinks he will live forever and that he jumped from the moon 1,000,000 years ago. He also imagines that he can turn himself into anything, from a mouse to a horse.

Mosquitoes Not Altogether Necessitous.

Mosquitoes materially differ from their prey, man. Herein they set a noble example. They are, too, politically sound on the race and sex questions. They make no distinction in color or gender. Professionally, they resemble their scientific allies of the medical fraternity. They never let blood without putting in their bill!

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